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HIGH LIGHTS



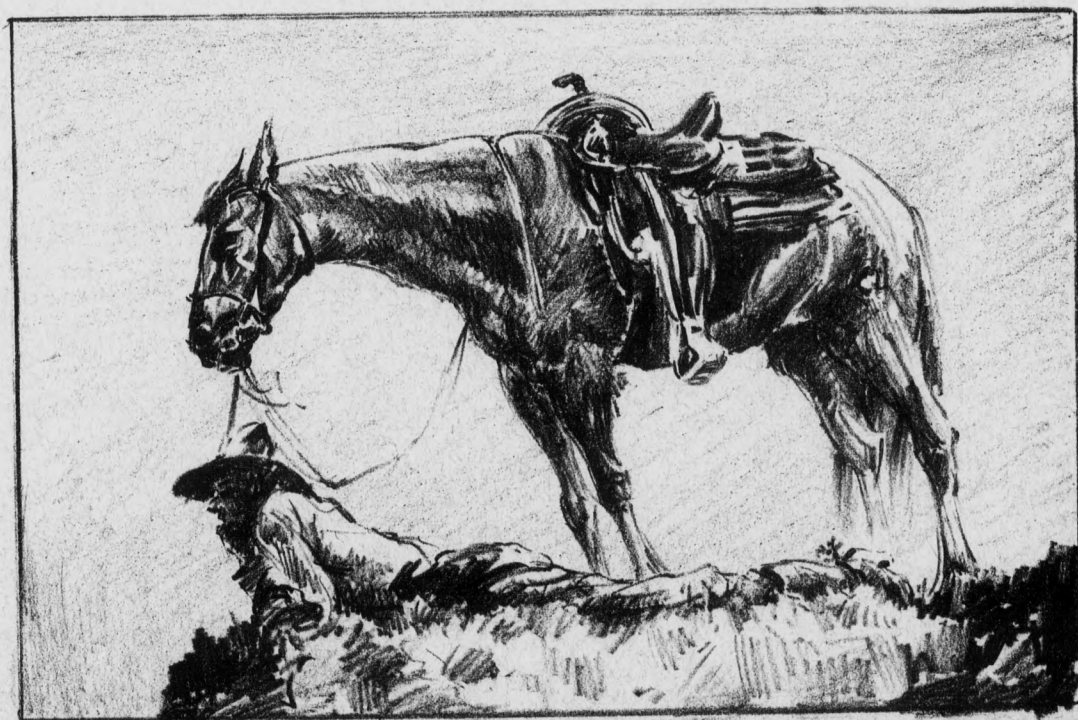
An Old Adobe Publication ∴ ∴ ∴
SIERRA MADRE ARTS GUILD



BYRON HOPPER
JEWELRY + WATCHES
OPPOSITE P. E. STATION



WISTARIA BAKE SHOP
GOOD THINGS TO EAT
43 S.M. BLVD. CU 5-3332



SIERRA MADRE SAVINGS BANK

MAY 7

HIGH LIGHTS

MAY 1942

Volume 3 Number 5

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COVER DRAWING

The cover drawing, as well as all the advertising illustrations, is a lithograph and the work of Alfred James Dewey. The printing of the covers is the work of George Morgridge, done at the Burns Printing Company of Pasadena, California.

EDITORIAL BOARD

Alfred James Dewey	Bill Burke	Leslie B. Wynne
Dorothy Dewey, Secretary	Dottie Burke, Printer	

HIGH LIGHTS from the foothills; issued by the Sierra Madre Arts Guild at the Old Adobe Studio in Sierra Madre, California.

CLEARING THE RANGE

Robert McCullagh

When the sun comes over the rim of the world,
He starts his daily fight.
He scatters the herds of the Milky Way
With his loping riders of light.

He chases the maverick stars afar
Till they're lost in the fading blue,
Then harries the moon as it slips away,
Afraid of his boisterous crew.

When the sun goes west for his nightly rest,
After clearing his range of stars,
He certainly knows, as he starts to doze,
They'll surely jump the bars.

As the sun drops past the rim of the world,
His riders bed down in the clouds,
The mavericks and strays, in the faint moon rays,
Are jumping his fences in crowds.

(Rhymes of a Rimrock Rannie)

RAIN

Today, the clouds gather and arise, northwest by west out of the broad Pacific; and their dense masses, stone-grey and metallic-blue, draw overhead, driving before them into the east like exploring fingers, raveling trails of fog. The sun is gone, and the blue sky, little by little, is lost. Suddenly, there is blinding glare! The clouds are riven with fissuring flame, the silence and the eerie calm are shattered with billows of appalling sound that reverberate endlong across the valleys and echo from the far-off hills. The trees thresh wildly under the impact of the surging wind, bushes are bowed and are broken, and the first big drops let fall by the hurrying storm smash onto the pavements like molten shot. Today, it rains; and if tomorrow the clouds gather and rise in a like manner, will it not surely rain tomorrow as well?

Warring elements are like warring men. Changeable weather is a bad habit of nature as war is an evil habit of the nature of man. When the continents were flat and the seas were shallow, there was no varying weather nor any storm; yet, the world then was more abundantly watered than now. There were no burning deserts nor frozen poles. Until the mountains again are leveled and the valleys filled, there will be thunderstorm and tornado, and the hurricane will blow. Cyclone, followed by anti-cyclone, will continue eastward its ceaseless round about the globe. Until the heights of human passions are brought low and the depths of human misery and want are lifted, there will be war and conquest, there will be invasion and counter-invasion to run their endless course out of the West, northwest by west, into the mystic East. Today, in our time, there is war; and if tomorrow, in the days of our sons, the clouds foregather and again arise in a like manner, will there not surely be war, and the rumors of war, tomorrow as well?

* * * * *

EXCITING COUNTRY

Long before the dawn of history, long before the written word or the pointed scroll was made, there were great men among men who did great deeds, there were old cities and older empires that went down into the silent dust, so utterly obliterated that they left no ruins nor even the trace of a ruin in telltale stone. All that we know of them, perhaps all that we can ever know, legend alone has recorded, passing their annals orally on from age to age until their very language was become hoary and in part unintelligible before ever they had gained the printed page. There is much more of sober history in the domains of mythology than is popularly supposed. These are not idle tales, these ancient myths of our fathers, but the bitter memories and the treasured happy thoughts of the long childhood of the race. Moulded in the guise of fiction, overlaid deeply with poetic lore, they are at bottom prehistoric fact, nevertheless. In these glowing fields that stretch into the twilit distances and into the silent reaches of the deepening past, the sunlight of world events of long ago struggles to break through dark clouds of fateful magic, through the obscuring fogs of long dead pagan faiths.

This is a surprising and an exciting country, a region that is overgrown with the jungles of the imagination, out of which comes many a strange and beautiful creature that was never seen by any living man. Up through the purple haze loom shining cities, fabulous cities, their far-off spires towered against the sky in lines of snowy marble with roofs of beaten gold. Through gates of silver, tree-lined and flowered, broad avenues lead to these cities from all the ends of the earth, spanning on rainbow bridges the four rivers of Paradise that moat the gleaming walls with purest blue. Vaguely outlined here through the shrouding mists walk the famous men and women of other days, long since grown to the stature of deathless heroes or magnified to the dim proportions of peculiar gods.

What manner of folk were these men and women and what did they do that they have become so renowned? We may not surely know them as men, but we may surely know what they did that they are remembered. They were the wise leaders of prehistoric days who led their people up, little by little, from savagery, through barbarism, to the verge of historic times. They were the first inventors, the first discoverers, the first great educators of the race. They were the men who early found the use of fire, who learned and taught the rudiments of agriculture, the rudiments of the arts. They were the makers of tools, the makers of the priestly crafts, and the makers of the dynasties of kings. Unto a cold and a hunger-ridden people, they brought the woolen fleece from far-off Colchis, maize from remote Aztlan, and apples from the distant Gardens of the Hesperides. They were human men and women, like ourselves, kindly and very lonely as leaders always are. For a time they walked with confidence and with success; for a time, too, they walked with defeat and with despair. They knew, in their day, the joy of giving, the pride of accomplishment; they knew, also, well and often, the blackness of ingratitude and the rankling barbs of petty jealous men. On the plains of Arcady, in the vales of Avalon, by the lakes of Cuzco and the walls of vanished Tollan, happiness came to them with brimming life. Unhappiness came to them, too. Sorrow was with them and death awaited them when, with courage and without complaint, they set out into the wintry blasts of gloomy Gormal, into the flames of Etzelburg, into the icy fastnesses of Ragnarok, that fearful twilight of the fading gods.

L.B.W.

HORACE

the guild mouse

what a hite! suddenly there wuz a noise like lots of artists falling downstairs with hard cash jingling in their pockets witch is unlikely, so i jumped to the windowsill and gazed out. cars began to stop and the lites winked out like the fury dies in mrs. mouse's eyes when she finds i have been hiding back of an old cigaret package on the floor instead of roaming the avenues of our metropoliz. sally dewey sed "lites out." alfred james dewey esq and mr sed "it is done" and it wuz did. it wuz a blackout!

i suppose blackouts are necessary but shud be in daytime two becuz it would give mices a better chance to look around and artists would get more rest witch they dont want but shud have. but why shud i philosophiz when i really want to talk about HER. as i sed, it wuz a blackout. i went at once to the chair where bernard win usually sits becuz he spills food on the floor more often than older artists....i stopped and staired! ah me, well, ah, ah me!

in the dim gloom wuz a presence surrounded by a faint aurora of dusty light. i sed, "who are u?" she sed, "no u not? i am Biblia, the book worm." "oh," i sed, "fair presence, what do ye hear?" notiz i am talking literary. and the fair presence sed, "i fell from a first edition called fishandfishingbyfrankforesterlondonl849-issuedinnewyorkl850." "what did u in it?" i sed. and the fair presence sed with a charming smile and uphonous sigh, "i et all of chapter 3." my heart began to throb. "oh, Biblia," sed i.....but Biblia had krawled into a crack in the floor. "horace!" sed the shrill voice of mrs mouse, "youre twenty-first daughter has et a whole copy of hi lites and it disagrees with her. run for the doctor."

i run but i thought oh divine flame, fairer than a peace of chez, how ununderstanding is the world, how... blackout!

Harlan Ware's successful radio program, "The Bartons," is now being released for West Coast listeners. The program is heard daily, Monday through Friday, over station KFI at 3:15 p.m.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK

Chas. Carroll Adams

(Editor's note: With this issue, "High Lights" begins a new feature. Chas. Carroll Adams, for some time a member of the Guild, has been a reader of the magazine for many issues. Now he has agreed to contribute an occasional "Letter from New York," presenting a word picture of the artistic, colorful first city of the world, as he knows and loves it. Mr. Adams is the father of Mrs. Harvey Lockridge, well-known Long Beach interior decorator, whose husband is the architect who designed the new home of Roll C. Lewis.)

Dear Bill,

Just a few lines to let you know how much I appreciate the "High Lights" coming to me every month from "The Old Adobe." It is like the scent of sagebrush from the foothills and makes one homesick for California.

The small pictures on the covers are so typical and true to life that I got my pencil and made out a number of enlarged sketches of them to hang about our apartment, just to show these benighted easterners that California is not all glamor girls and beaches or even palm-shaded bungalows and orange trees, as per the advertising posters. This seemed a good idea, as the indigenous New Yorker has little conception of anything beyond Albany and regards Chicago as being somewhere in the wild west.

However, the east has its compensations. Witness the sudden and wonderful opening life in the springtime, the tender green of the trees and grass. Even the sidewalks of New York take on a new life and vigor, and the children in the streets start their seasonal games as they do everywhere.

One queer thing about the big city is that, in spite of its size and rush and whirl, it is really made up of a number of individual communities, each living its own life, quite separate from the rest.

Before the fates decreed that I should live in Greenwich Village, I used to read about it and pictured it as a place where a lot of freakish people were trying to imitate the life of the Latin Quarter of Paris. Later,

in passing through it on my way up town, I got the impression of a dreary expanse of old brick buildings, some evidently the former homes of merchants, now dingy apartments; others, semimodern business buildings or old warehouses, the ground floors of many occupied by a multitude of small shops and eating places.

Both of these views contain an element of truth, but when I came to live here I found that they quite fail to express the real life of the place.

I found The Village to be the home, or the temporary stopping place, of very busy, active and remarkably brilliant people. They all go about their work of making the wheels of the modern world go round, and live their regular lives quite oblivious of the fact that the traffic of a great city is rushing around and through and under them by night and day.

You know, this used to be really a suburban village, in the old days, when New York was a small seaport down on the tip of Manhattan Island. The merchants built their summer homes up here to take their families away from the danger of yellow fever at the port. It became a homelike, respectable community. In spite of the fact that the waves of modern life have swept many miles north of it, The Village still retains much of its old-time character.

Our immediate locality is historic. We live over the old Cherry Lane Theatre where years ago Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough and other famous actors played their roles. Cherry Lane is the shortest street in New York, only half a block long, joining Commerce and Barrow Streets. At the end of our block is the former home of Washington Irving, Junior. Around the corner on Bleeker Street is the old home of Tom Paine. Back of us, on Hudson Street, is old St. John's Church where for a hundred years they have distributed, every Saturday, sixpenny loaves of bread to the poor from a fund left by one of the merchants for that purpose. The boyhood home of Bret Harte is now the rectory of this church. Across the interior court of our block is the narrowest house in New York, only eight feet wide and three stories high, where Edna St. Vincent Millay wrote "The King's Henchmen." In another apartment, nearby, William Steig, the cartoonist, drew his tough little boys. John Barrymore also lived here at one time.

Next time, something of our place and neighbors.

GUILD MEETINGS

Bill Burke

At the meeting of the Guild of Friday evening, April 3, "A Man Named Herbert" was the subject of a lecture and reading by Edward Lloyd Voorhees, Associate Professor of English at Bard College, Columbia University, who is engaged in writing a biography of Henry William Herbert, poet, novelist, engraver, translator, and well-known authority on field sports, affectionately known to sportsmen as "Frank Forester."

Mr. Voorhees pointed out that Herbert though essentially a tragic character and a scion of English nobility forced to become an exile to the United States in 1831 and completely out of sympathy with the theory and practice of Jacksonian democracy, yet succeeded in contributing something of real and enduring value to this democracy. This contribution included three things: 1) His own personality -- an aristocratic, picturesque, eccentric, and exciting figure in a civilization at that time much more than now dedicated to money-making and a dull, conventional appearance of respectability; 2) Entertainment, instruction, and technical knowledge of a special kind in his writings, based upon his wide reading in classical literature, his aristocratic up-bringing and education at Eton and Cambridge, and his wide research and firsthand experience in hunting, fishing, shooting, and the training of fine horses and game dogs; 3) The success of his efforts, through his writings and his personal example, in inducing American city men into the open for exercise and field sports at a period when city men, young and old, were going soft.

* * * * *

The May Guild meeting, Friday evening, May 1, will feature a "Conversational Piece" with Roll C. Lewis as the Man Who Asks Questions, and Dan C. Reib, a new resident of Sierra Madre, giving the replies.

Mr. Reib, who resides with his family on Canon Drive, insists that he is not a public speaker, and his appearance, therefore, will take this novel form.

Mr. Reib was in China, particularly Shanghai, during the Japanese invasion of China. As an executive of the Standard Vacuum Company, he saw not only the Japanese curtailment of trade of non-Japanese firms but all the other by-products of a modern military invasion.

SELLING THE EARTH

John Russell McCarthy

Peter Wrenn stared at the envelope. He didn't need to open it. For Peter knew what was inside just as surely as if his eyes were of the X-ray variety affected by seers and crystal gazers:

Yet Peter Wrenn was by no means a seer, or he would never have got into his present fix. And the last time he had gazed into crystal of any sort was some time before July 1, 1918 -- and then he had seen nothing more startling than a little red liquid.

But it wouldn't do to sit there staring at an ordinary commercial envelope, with the observant young lady who had rented the desk next to his so obviously ignoring him. She must be watching him pretty closely, Peter thought, or she wouldn't be taking such great pains to show that she wasn't. And he had decided day before yesterday, when Miss Tuttleeson rented that desk, that he must somehow make a good impression upon her and keep the impression fixed.

So far he had failed miserably. Why did all bill collectors have such aggressive manners and such loud voices? And why had they all chosen the hour after Miss Tuttleeson became his business neighbor to camp around his chair and tell the world of his failure to pay this and that paltry sum? It was intolerable. The real estate business was bad enough, Peter decided; but at this present worst it was incredibly bad. His slogan, "Peter Wrenn Sells the Earth," seemed a huge joke. If he were selling coal, now, or onions. But the earth? He had not sold so much as a pinch of dust, let alone a city lot, in the two months since he had rented a desk, at ten dollars a week, from the thrifty Mr. Cain.

Peter's nice new paper knife slid through the top of the offending envelope. A bill from the News for advertising. He might as well see it -- and file it.

"Mr. Wrenn!" It was Miss Tuttleeson's voice. Peter dropped the envelope and tried to step slowly to his neighbor's desk. But he didn't step slowly. He jumped.

"Yes, Miss Tuttleeson."

He hadn't time to talk with Miss Tuttleeson, yet

here she was making him sit down, and seemingly preparing for a long talk. Not that he didn't want a long talk with her -- many of them, for that matter; but he was due in exactly thirty minutes to call for Dr. Green and take that gentleman out into Orange County to look at a ranch. Of course he must rent a car. Leaving his overcoat, his last "leanable" possession, with a money-lending personage on Main Street, to get the rental price... Of course, Peter knew he wouldn't sell the ranch, but in justice to himself he knew he must make the effort. He wouldn't need an overcoat in the poorhouse.

But Miss Tuttleeson was speaking. "Do you know," she asked, "where I can get a decent price for my car?"

Peter Wrenn's ears pricked up, unconsciously, perhaps. But the delectable young lady continued. "Second hand cars seem to be flooding the market. The dealers will buy, but they offer practically nothing. If I just knew someone personally who wanted a car, I wouldn't mind selling for half what it's worth. I hate to see a dealer make three hundred dollars on it."

"How much should you get for it?"

"I'd take three hundred even; but it's worth six hundred easily, Mr. Wrenn. I know that."

"Then why sell it?" blundered Peter.

Miss Tuttleeson smiled, but the lines had to struggle to make themselves seen. "Well," she said, "I won't need it any more. I'm going out of business, you know."

Peter had not known, and the prospect appalled him. Miss Tuttleeson leaving! Impossible. Absolutely not! But she had said so.

"Isn't the advertising business good here?" he blundered again.

"Oh, it's good enough, I guess, when you've made a reputation. I've had an offer. I'm going with an agency until I make that reputation. Oh, Mr. Wrenn," she leaned forward so that none of the thrifty Mr. Cain's other business tenants might hear, "don't you know someone who will buy that car? I simply must have the money!"

In the strength of inspiration, Peter Wrenn forgot for the moment that Miss Tuttleeson had been hearing the threats of a dozen bill collectors directed against him. "Why," he announced grandly, "I need a car. I'll buy it."

Miss Tuttleeson managed to suppress most of her surprise. "That will be fine, Mr. Wrenn. Do you want to try it out?"

Mr. Wrenn did want exactly that, and ten minutes later he was driving gaily up to Dr. Green's rather formal abode. "A darn shame," thought Peter, much more cheerful than his words, "that a girl like Miss Tuttleeson with both talent and good looks, should have to sell her car and take a petty job." But her troubles did not bother Peter greatly, while his own misfortunes annoyed him not at all. For he had quite changed his mind about whether or not Dr. Green should buy the ranch.

If Dr. Green's house was formal, the stout middle-aged physician was just the opposite. He climbed into the car silently. Then, "Step on 'er!" he said. "I want to get the devil out of town. Don't care if we never get back!"

Peter "stepped on 'er." He was riding on the top of the world. He was again the Peter who entered the real estate business two sorry months previously. Again he was "selling the earth."

Three hours later, the blunt Dr. Green broke out with "\$100,000 too much. I'll give you \$95,000."

So it was that Dr. Green remained on the front steps of his new ranch house, smoking a Herculean pipe, while Peter Wrenn, having sold the earth, and having a goodly check in his pocket, drove directly to the office of his client, the previous owner of the ranch. Then to the bank, escrow department.

"A little advance?" repeated his client.

"Yes," said Peter, "say about a thousand." And he got it! Wasn't this his day?

Then back to the thrifty Mr. Cain's roomful of rented desks. Miss Tuttleeson looked up at him queerly. He

thought he saw wetness in the corner of her eyes.

"Fine car," said Peter, briskly. "I'll take it." Peeling off not three but six one-hundred dollar bills from his brand new roll, he laid them before her and stepped jauntily to his desk.

There was his unopened envelope, which he had cut despairingly about seven ages ago, Peter opened it. "Your balance due," the diplomatic note read, "is \$84.60. Our Mr. Collins will call at 2:30 tomorrow. Will you kindly have a check ready, and your adv. for Saturday's News?" Peter glanced at his watch. Two o'clock. He turned to Miss Tuttleeson -- to find her weeping real tears and looking from the new bank notes to him and back again.

"Miss Tuttleeson," Peter called airily, "a representative of the News will be here in half an hour for my Sunday advertisement. Will you, in your official capacity, prepare my copy? Here are my own previous efforts." And he placed a pile of clippings on her desk.

Miss Tuttleeson smiled acquiescence in her best professional manner. But her words weren't professional at all. "My name is Mary," was what she said.

(Los Angeles Record)

WILD LILAC

William M. Galbraith

Where early April lilacs grow
Upon the mountain flank
Like flaked sky fallen upon snow
And thus to noble rank

I walked. I was amazed to see
Such fairy color there
Where sage and manzanita tree
Have nothing new to wear.

So I stooped down to catch their breath,
Their small, round faces press,
And quivered suddenly beneath
The surge of loveliness.

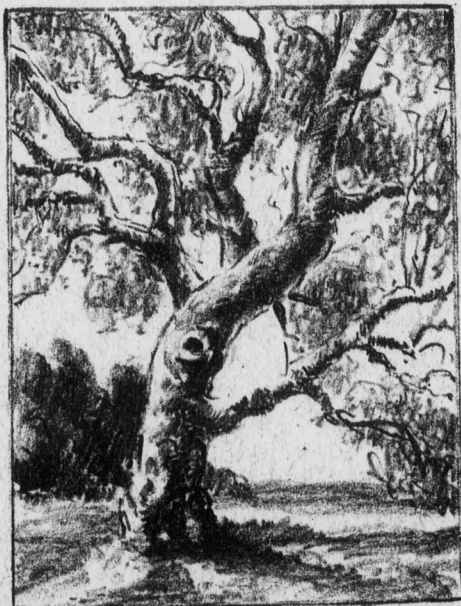
(From Los Angeles Saturday Night)



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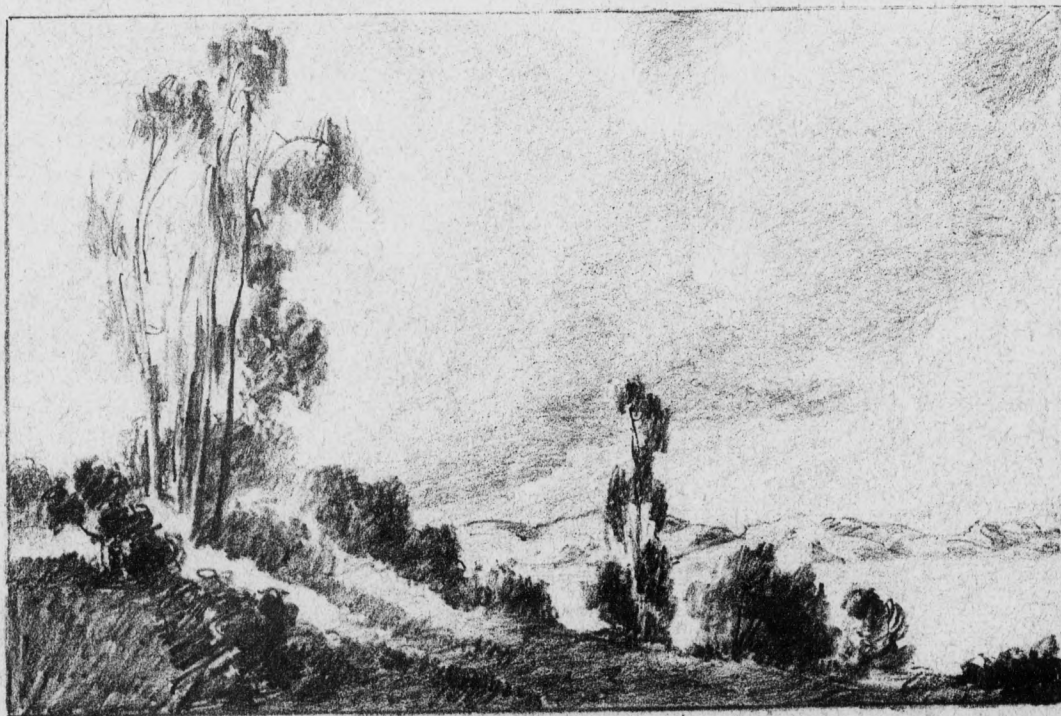
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